UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Background and Early History of The Abraham Lincoln Centre - - - - - - - - - - - - *Helen Rosenfels*

Recent History of The Abraham Lincoln Centre and an Interpretation of Its Program - - - *Julia Abrahamson*

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UNITY

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Contributors

Julia Abrahamson: Member of the Board of Trustees of The Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Stanton A. Coblentz: Journalist; author of *The Literary Revolution* and *The Thinker and Other Poems.*

Helen Rosenfels: Member of the Board of Trustees of The Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Wallace Tibbetts: Member of the Boston Community Church; Chairman of the Board of Review of the Employment Security Commission of Massachusetts.

James M. Yard: Executive Director of the Chicago Round Table of Christians and Jews.

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The Field

"The world is my country,
to do good is my Religion."

Essay Contest

To encourage high school young people to do some serious thinking about the question of peacetime conscription for military training as a permanent policy for the United States, The Forerunners offer a trip to Washington, D. C., or New York—three days in either city, visiting all the places of interest, and with all travel and entertainment provided free of cost—to the writer of the best statement, in the opinion of the judges, on the subject: "The Case Against Peacetime Military Conscription."

Additional prizes will be awarded the writers of the ten next-best statements: 5 prizes of $10 each, in cash, and 5 prizes of $5 each, in books of the winners' choice.

Sponsors of the big contest are: Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister of Riverside Church, New York; Dr. Charles A. Ellwood, professor-emeritus of sociology at Duke University; A. Philip Randolph, International President of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters; Alfred D. Moore, Editor of *Classmate;* and Ruth Suckow, author.

The judges of the contest are: Dr. Alonzo Myers, of the National Education Association; Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas; and Josephine Johnson, author of the Pulitzer prize-winner, *Now in November.*

Following are the rules of the contest:

1. Statements must not exceed 750 words in length.
2. Entries must be postmarked not later than May 31, 1945, and sent to The Forerunners, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y.
3. All statements remain the property of The Forerunners and may be used by them in any way they wish.
4. The decisions of the judges must be accepted as final.
5. Statements must be written on one side of paper only, and must bear the name, age, and address of the contestant, and the name of the school he attends, if any.
6. Contestants must be not over eighteen years of age.

Contestants will find a wealth of material on the question in newspapers and magazines in school and public libraries. If they wish, however, they may send 25 cents to The Forerunners, 2929 Broadway, New York 25, N. Y., and receive a packet of literature on peacetime conscription.

This nation-wide contest is a project of The Forerunners, a national high school youth organization, the members of which agree to keep faith in the ideal of world brotherhood and to explore its meaning in relation to peace, race relations, personal conduct, economics, and politics. The contest is open, however, to all young people of high school age (not over 18) whether they are now in school or not. More specific information regarding The Forerunners will be supplied gladly upon request. Winners of prizes in the contest will be notified as soon as possible after the close of the contest.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXXI MARCH, 1945 No. 1

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

The jubilation in Moscow that followed upon the Crimean Conference is the sure index of what really happened at that Conference. It was a victory all along the line for Soviet Russia, which has won the war and is proceeding to exact her own terms of settlement. All that Britain and America could do at Yalta was to gain such concessions as might be possible. This meant compromise—with the result, as the Scripps-Howard papers pointed out, that Stalin got the long end and his associates the short end of every deal. Indeed, I would put it stronger and say that the former got the substance and the latter the shadow. The Polish settlement is the perfect example! We have been told that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." She must have shrieked again when Kosciusko's country was for a fifth time partitioned, this time by her "friends" and not her enemies. All eastern Poland, historic Poland, is to go to Russia, and the remaining segment is to be put under Russia's puppet regime. Oh, yes—this Lublin government is to be reconstructed and modified, but it remains Russia's Quisling, and not all the perfume of Atlantic Charter aims can cleanse and anoint the foulness of this deed. The same truth applies to Jugoslavia, which is passed over to the tender mercies of Stalin's minion, Marshal Tito. As for Finland and the Baltic states, they are not even mentioned in the Crimean document, so completely and finally have they been swallowed up by the Soviets. Germany is to be dismembered and de-industrialized. These are but the first steps toward a prostration and subjection of the Reich which will leave at the very heart of Europe a center of infection and death. As for the new peace, so-called, it is to be enforced in Europe by a militaristic alliance of three great nations, not one of which is a European state, and the absolute veto power upon all decisive action is to lie still in the hands of Russia. That this alliance will hold is certain—until the fruit of the new imperialism ripens into the third World War! The loud acclaim of those who endorse anything that comes from Washington, London, and especially Moscow, has risen ecstatically to greet this Crimean agreement. This chorus of rapture has been swollen by the cries of those who are always pleased to get any crumbs from the masters' table, and welcome any half or quarter loaf, even though it be a stone. Of course, it is "perfectionism," the latest smear, to insist upon whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and of good report. But it is as true today as it was yesterday that "nothing is ever settled until it is settled right." It is because the slavery issue was never settled right in this country, that we got the Civil War. It is because the peace issue is not being settled right, that we are going to get war, and still more war. Only one hope now remains—the meeting of the United Nations in April, which may have the courage to undo what was done at Yalta!

II

Captain William Douglas-Home would seem to be a courageous officer. He is the Englishman who refused to lead his men any longer to battle and death for the senseless war cry of "unconditional surrender." The Captain was of course promptly arrested, court martialed and sent to jail. This is the army's reward of clear vision and resolute valor! But his witness stands —that "unconditional surrender" is a negative and senseless slogan, that it is prolonging the war indefinitely by nerving the Germans to fight to the last ditch, and that it is costing the lives of hundreds of thousands of English and American boys. There is no reason why this war should continue another hour. The Germans are beaten, and know that they are beaten. Even so momentarily triumphant a military operation as the great drive a month ago into Luxembourg and Belgium can only serve to delay the inevitable defeat of the Reich. But this delay will be prolonged, and terribly costly in blood and tears, unless our enemies are persuaded that there is more hope in surrendering than in fighting. As it is now, they see nothing but total loss, utter humiliation, the end of Germany and her people, in our insistence upon "unconditional surrender." They cannot suffer anything worse by fighting on, they argue, and they may at least have the satisfaction of dragging down their conquerors into the universal destruction which they are preparing for themselves. So ruthlessness on our side is met by despair on theirs, with final ruin the fate preparing for us both. All this raises the

question, as in Captain Douglas-Home's mind, of what we are fighting for. For vengeance upon our foes—or for peace? If for vengeance, then we are spending the lives of our precious youth for the satisfaction of seizing and slaying the Nazi gangsters, of grinding the German people into the dust, of stamping upon their banners, dismembering their territory, and ending their cultural and national existence. If for peace, then we should offer terms right now directed to the end of accomplishing an international organization of order and concord which will be as much in the interest of the Germans as of ourselves. If it is peace we want, then we must eschew vengeance—which means abandoning "unconditional surrender" in favor of terms which will end the fighting. I am inclined to believe that no more fatal slogan was ever conceived than this of "unconditional surrender." To cling to it longer is madness, working out into long-continued and utterly unnecessary slaughter upon the field of battle. This is why Captain William Douglas-Home came to the point where he was no longer willing to lead his men to death for such wanton purposes. If this officer at the front could thus rebel, what about ourselves here at home? Why should we not at least raise our voices for peace terms *now?*

III

The great day some day is coming—the end of the war against Germany. This will release a thousand tensions—among others the hot debate over what we shall do with Germany. When the time draws near and collapse sets in, we shall find that the problem will disclose itself to be very different from what we have imagined. Thus, for an indefinite period, the only question will be that of order. With the German armies broken up and the German government broken down, there will be anarchy everywhere. Troops of desperate soldiers, bands of guerilla fighters, hordes of hungry and frightened refugees, contending factions of revolutionaries—these will be whirling about in one vast maelstrom of confusion and catastrophe. There will be no law but force, no action but violence, no motive but hate and lust, and the quest for food! For a time our armies will be faced by a harder task than that which confronted them when they were battling with the disciplined divisions of the Nazis. To bring order out of such chaos may take years. Then there will be the primitive question of sheer physical survival. How are these millions of beaten Germans going to be fed? Where and how will they be sheltered? Fortunately the summer is coming on, and cold will not for some time be a problem. But disease will be everywhere, with pestilence lurking in the shadows. Our plans and blueprints of German policy are all on hand, I have no doubt. But who will care in the face of this basic human problem of a nation wrecked and, like a ship driven on the rocks by storm, beating itself to pieces? And beyond and around Germany lies Europe—a whole vast continent ruined and its population in despair. Never has the world faced such horror as it faces today—or been threatened, even in the Dark Ages, by such calamity. To talk in such a crisis of what victors are going to do to vanquished is as absurd as it is dangerous. There is only one thing to do when the fighting ceases, and that is to join hands and hearts the world around in one great task of salvage. Perhaps it is well that our plight is so completely desperate, since it may drive us to unity if only for self-preservation's sake. The common effort of just keeping the world going may make us all one in spite of ourselves. Thus does God "make the wrath of men to praise him."

IV

It is time for some plain talk about this peacetime conscription measure. Why, on the eve of a complete victory in a war fought to rid the world of militarism, should the American people be bowed beneath the yoke of that most ruthlessly militaristic of all public policies —namely, universal conscription of youth? There can be only two reasons! One is that, after this war, we have got to fight another war, and that this war will be against Russia. This proposed conscription legislation is no stab in the dark, no general safety precaution. It is a direct preparation for a war which the authorities in Washington have made up their minds is coming. Of course, they are not saying anything about this. Oh, no!—they are talking about physical training, and moral discipline, and other plausible points which have nothing to do with the case. But get on the inside just a wee bit, and you find a perfectly frank confession that we are getting rid of Hitler only to make way for Stalin. The Soviet system is as inimical to our free society as ever Nazism was. And so, it is argued, we have got to fight it, and had better get ready now for the fight. The second reason for peacetime conscription has to do with the post-war employment problem. The government knows perfectly well that it is never going to be able to handle this problem when war industries close down and the boys come home. There is a lot of loud talk about finding 60,000,000 jobs, but anybody who knows anything knows that this idea is utterly fantastic. The spectre of unemployment and industrial depression is right at our threshold. Hence conscription of seventeen-year-old youth! Gather up these boys at just the moment when most of them will be seeking jobs. Remove them from the industrial world and set them to drilling for a year. And pressure is relieved just that much! And remember that the law provides that when the boys are released after a year's training they pass into a reserve, and can be called back for "reconditioning" at any time. Which is another way of relieving competition for jobs in emergency! The President has already described this conscription as a kind of revival of the C.C.C. If this does not show what is in the wind, we are dull-witted indeed. War without, and economic collapse within—these are the

real reasons for conscription. And they are exactly the reasons which brought Nazism into Germany after the last war. After smashing Hitler, in other words, we are following his beneficent example.

V

Smear the man who disagrees with you with an epithet! That is the standard propaganda device these days. "Defeatist" was the word used some years ago to describe the man who in 1939-40 wanted to stop this war before it wrecked the world. There was no suggestion of surrender, or defeat, in this man's plea for peace before it was too late, but he was put down as a pro-Nazi all the same. Then came the word "isolationist,"—a poisoned arrow aimed straight at the man who wanted to keep this nation out of the European struggle. The typical "isolationist," so-called, was as good a patriot as this country ever saw. He was outraged at the maneuverings of the administration to drag us into the war, especially as he was convinced that America could best serve mankind in this desperate crisis by remaining at peace and helping the world to recover peace. If *we* plunged into the pit, then indeed would everything be lost! But this true and clear-visioned man was smeared as one who, like Pontius Pilate, would wash his hands of responsibility, and was thus discredited as completely as the "defeatist." Now comes a new word to spread odium abroad—*"perfectionist"!* These are the people who want to do a real job in ending war and establishing peace. They see in the last war what happens when a half-job is done, and they want to avoid this time a repetition of that ghastly failure. And now they see the story of compromises and half measures and out-and-out betrayals starting all over again. They see the same old imperialistic interests and power politics doing to our hopes today what they did so disastrously to men's hopes a quarter of a century ago. And they shout their warning, and point to the ideals of international cooperation, disarmament, and democracy which can alone save us. Only to be ridiculed and denounced as "perfectionists" who would have the whole or nothing! Well, who taught us to be "perfectionists"—who pronounced the Four Freedoms and wrote the Atlantic Charter? And how long since has it been deemed right to compromise an ideal, or give up serving it, because it is hard to realize? The President talks about the Ten Commandments, which are still far-distant goals. But does this mean that we shall advocate some modified form of stealing and killing and adultery because bans against these sins are not perfectly obeyed? The "realist" would throw all our ideals away and rest content with compromises, forgetting that it is these very compromises which bring failure to all of man's best endeavors. Of all impractical men, the "realist" is the worst; he is the architect of all disaster. The "perfectionist" is the only practical man, for he alone is faithful to the principles which hold the world together. Using this word as a smear is a bad sign. It shows that our leaders are preparing to sell us out again.

VI

I have received an invitation to join in a prayer for victory in this war. It is recalled in the invitation that an earlier call went out last May, and was "so successful that it swept the entire country and reached also to Great Britain."

> Everybody prayed. The result was that the invasion of France was amazingly successful, and the loss of lives, we are told, was much smaller than had been anticipated.

This was followed by a wave of optimism. The people believed that the war was nearly over—and stopped praying! The result was instant—a slowing up of the war, fierce fighting, slow progress of our arms, and terrific loss of life.

> In view of this, we again call you to renewed prayer. We ask you to use a revised version of the Invocation, so that the triumph of the Forces of Light may be hastened, Germany completely and finally defeated and victory be ours. . . . Let us again unitedly invoke divine aid in this mounting crisis of humanity.

One may have great respect for the sincerity of this appeal—a respect that forbids ridicule! At the same time, one would be faithless to true religion if he did not point out the utter naïveté of this whole approach to the problem of prayer. The appeal takes us straight back to the ancient Homeric warriors fighting on the windy plains of Troy and crying to their gods for aid—or to Joshua invading Canaan, with Jehovah "mighty in battle" at his right hand. It is a mingling of barbarism and superstition which altogether ignores the exalted teachings of Judaism and Christianity—Jeremiah, for example, and Jesus. But this invitation to prayer is not only naïve—it is outrageous as well. Outrageous in its complacent assumption that God is on our side in this war, and in its presentation of a deity who allows the battle to go against the "Forces of Light" if prayers for any reason cease. God must have the due attention and obeisance of his subjects, else they will be punished by his neglect! Against all such ideas as these, I place the solemn statement in the report published by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, on "The Relation of the Church to the War in the Light of the Christian Faith":

> God is taking sides throughout the struggle *not* with the Axis powers nor with the United Nations, but with the impulses toward good and against the impulses toward evil in every man and every group in both camps. God is not a combatant.

Day of Peace

Through lands of earth the hearts beseech
That valiant spirits clearly teach
Futility of wars of men.
The sun and stars have lit one page
Of heaven's book whose phrases pen
That peoples here should curb their rage,
That love is waiting for our use
Forever here, white flames of truce.

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE.

Jottings

In fighting for "unconditional surrender," we are fighting not to defeat Germany, for Germany is already defeated, but to revenge ourselves upon a prostrate foe. This is the reason why Mr. Frank Hancock, an English writer, says that unconditional surrender "shames ungenerous victors far more than it will disgrace a helpless and defeated people."

A Romain Rolland Committee in Paris is urging that Rolland's body be buried in glory in the Pantheon. How characteristic it would be of the French to do this thing! Zola was driven to England by the storm of hate that followed upon his espousal of Dreyfus' cause—and now lies in the Pantheon. Jaurés was assassinated because of his bitter opposition to the war of 1914—and was later entombed in the Pantheon. Why not now Rolland, who was greater than France knew when in 1915, opposing the war, he went into exile in Switzerland?

Professor A. V. Hill, Secretary of the Royal Empire Society, of London, urges an international brotherhood of scientists to prevent future wars, which, he says, will be "not a conflict between armed forces, but a deliberate attempt by scientific methods to destroy cities, massacre populations, and make whole countries uninhabitable." There is only one way in which scientists can prevent these "potential crimes," as Professor Hill calls them, and that is the pacifist way. Let scientists refuse to work for governments at war, or preparing for war!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Menace of the New Power Consciousness

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

It has often been noted that victory may be the supreme test of an individual; possibly as many men have succumbed to the perils and temptations of success as have been crushed beneath the hoofs of failure. But it is not so generally recognized that the same principle applies to nations as well; that the most threatening hours of history are apt to be those of triumph, and that to prevail in any cause is to open the doors to a host of dangers, disregard of which may amount to denial of the benefits of victory.

Specifically, we of the United Nations at this moment are approaching the ominous crossroads. Now that it is morally certain that our enemies will be defeated, the menace of a reverse and equally devastating defeat lies just around the corner. And this menace is to be found not in any external forces, but in our own attitude of mind: an attitude of mind natural if not inevitable in the winner of a decisive grappling match. Let me illustrate by a crude example. If a boy in a schoolyard has been beset by bullies, but after a bitter struggle succeeds in whipping his assailants, a new self-confidence will develop in him, and this in itself may be something desirable. But the self-confidence in time may grow into smug self-satisfaction, into a goading sense of superior power and superior ability, into an aggressive self-reliance that will cause the youth to look down upon the other boys, to try to dominate them, to provoke them by a chip on his shoulders, to deny them their fair say in games and mutual undertakings.

It is well known that power successfully wielded has always tended to develop just this dangerous self-satisfaction, this dangerous authoritativeness. Nearly every conquering force in history is a case in point, from Assyria through Persia, the Greek city-states and Rome; and from the Mongol raiders of the Middle Ages through the Spain of Philip II, the Sweden of Charles XII, and the France of Napoleon. The slave-driving empire builders of Europe, as they snapped a lash over Africa and the Far East, illustrated this tendency of power unleashed to ride roughshod over rights and principles; the arrogance of Fascist countries, the brutal aggressiveness of Hitler, Tojo, and Mussolini, all fit into the same picture, as does the bristling quality of Wilhelm II's Germany and the iron-fisted swagger of the Germany of Bismarck. This is not to imply that there have not been many forces in evidence besides the assertiveness of self-conscious power; nor is it to suggest that the United Nations are likely in the observable future to be drawn to the bloody extremes of Germany and Japan. But it is definitely to state that, being but human, we cannot expect to escape the tendencies that affect all humanity. England in her treatment of the Boers and her suppression of Indian independence, and the United States in her attitude toward Mexico in 1846 and her war with Spain in 1898, have shown that the consciousness of power even among Anglo-Saxon peoples may lead to the wielding of power in ways not quite consistent with the theory that "right makes might."

But the peril which need immediately concern us is not connected with any aggressive action of the Allies. It is something subtler, something already working its way insidiously forward. It may be characterized as a self-confidence which, sprung of our new sense of power, is already jeopardizing the future; a feeling that the instruments which are winning the war will suffice to insure the peace; a faith that, since by our own strong arm we have put down the enemy, by our own strong arm we will make certain that the enemy does not spring up again. In itself this feeling is not at all reprehensible, and to an extent may be commendable; nevertheless, it is as dangerous as dynamite, for the reason that it is to the highest degree unrealistic, and fails to take account of some of the actualities without which a secure and warless world cannot be built.

Expressions of this new power-developed national

self-confidence are constantly being heard. They have issued from personages no less prominent than President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in their plans for the post-war world, wherein the leading United Nations—our own country, England, Russia, and China—are to be a sort of giant focus about which all the other nations will revolve. The same power-consciousness has been given indiscreet utterance by General Patton, in a speech wherein he indicated that Great Britain and the United States (possibly with the aid of Russia, though there is some uncertainty as to what he said on this point) should dominate the post-war world. And the same spirit is behind the many warnings, from militarists and persons in positions of authority, that we must remain armed to the hilt after the war. To take one example only, since all the advocates of this view argue along essentially the same lines: Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, in a speech made at Princeton, N. J., on June 21, 1944, proclaimed that we must not permit "our own idealism" to persuade us to disarm after the war; that the armed forces of the United States and her Allies must be the guaranty of peace (at least, while an international organization is being formed); that "we must not destroy our existing naval power or accept limitations upon our ability to add to it, either qualitatively or quantitatively."

Now a superficially plausible case may be made for these contentions; a superficially plausible case, in fact, may be made for any claim that the hope of security in the post-war world lies chiefly in the armed forces of the winners in the present conflict. It is only upon close examination that the argument begins to disintegrate. That some sort of force will be necessary must be taken for granted, just as some sort of force is necessary to keep order within a country; but the self-confidence born of the assurance of power is blinding us to the realities behind the use of force. One of these is the self-evident fact that no single nation, however vast its resources and however gigantic its military development, can either maintain peace or hope to prevail against a combination of powerful Allies; this is as obvious as that one does not equal five, or that no single schoolboy however strong can whip a gang. And the second reality that we overlook is that no group of nations, inevitably split by divergent interests and traditions, can expect to remain together in a loose alliance and preserve the peace by means of a mere "balance of power"; history has proved repeatedly that a "balance of power" leads to a ruinous unbalance of power. Moreover, any solution that would merely divide the world into two segments, one of which was immensely armed and tried to keep down the relatively unarmed other half, would merely encourage the repetition on a larger scale of what happened in Germany after 1918, and pave the road for the greatest war of all time.

The fact is that there is a distinct danger of our losing sight of what we are fighting for. This is a peril in all wars, since the passions of the struggle and the exultation of triumph are likely to silence the small, deliberate voice of reason. But in the present conflict, because of its range and ferocity and the vastness of the issues involved, the hazard is particularly acute; our utmost vigilance is demanded if we are to keep our perspective amid the lash and swirl of the volcanic forces we ourselves have let loose. We would, as I have suggested, be hardly human if pride in our accomplishments did not magnify our importance in our own eyes; and it would not be at all unnatural if this self-exaggeration led to an unconscious minimizing of the smaller powers. It is to be feared that this tendency has already been seen in operation, in Italy in the attitude of mind that caused us to cling so long to the skirts of Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio in defiance of the known wishes of the Italian people; and in France in our refusal to recognize DeGaulle ostensibly because *we* did not like him and *we* found him difficult, although there was no reason to doubt that he was the choice of the French people. What we have been doing is in effect to deny the rights of weaker peoples. In other words, we have lost sight of the very cause we are fighting for—and it is no defense to say that we have done so with the best motives; all dictators, if you question them, will maintain that their motives are good. Our only hope, therefore, is in the searching white light of analysis, which, though it be hard for our eyes to bear, will show us precisely what has happened: that power-consciousness has blunted our vision and permitted us to stray from the path. And we can dismiss all hope of a better world unless we curb that power-consciousness, regain our vision, and fight our way back to the path.

It will be necessary for us, in short, to display the true strength of the victor, which consists in restraint more than in aggressiveness, in humane regard for the weak more than in the steeled will that would bend them. We must not only theoretically recognize the rights of all; we must in practice make democracy a working system as applied to all nations, somewhat as it is a working system, let us say, as applied to the citizens of Philadelphia and San Diego; we must acknowledge and safeguard the equal place of all states in the world of tomorrow, just as the law acknowledges the equal place of all men and women, or as the Constitution grants to small Rhode Island the same rights as to mighty New York. Moreover, we must be sure not only that the great nations are immune from aggression; we must make certain that the smaller brothers are likewise shielded, and that tomorrow's world will leave no possibility of another Belgium, another Ethiopia, another Czechoslovakia, another Norway, another Greece, another Loyalist Spain. For if we stop short at this point—and our growing power-consciousness is threatening that we will stop short—we will finally be betrayed by our very strength, and, like the swaggering athlete who dies young of a heart attack while the invalid he despises lives to be ninety, we will succumb prematurely to the overstrain.

Only if we link hands with other nations, great and small, in a permanent association; only if we work to see that all, including even present-day aggressors, may be eventually admitted, will we be certain of producing a world not seamed with those maladjustments and bristling with those perils that make warfare unavoidable. After the last war, we were on the way to producing a saving world organization—at least, the vision of Woodrow Wilson pointed in that direction; but this consummation was frustrated by the self-satisfied power-consciousness of the United States, which led her to feel safe in isolationism, and by the power-consciousness of European nations, which led them to adhere to those time-honored methods of banditry more politely known as "the old statecraft." But now that the clock has made one full revolution and we are confronted with an even more desperate necessity after

an even more desperate war, what is there that most conspicuously stands in the way of our nation's hopes and the world's salvation? Nothing but the same old monster, grown mightier and more menacing then ever before; the monster of power-consciousness. If we can recognize him for the betrayer that he is, and avoid the traps and blind alleys into which he is leading us, we may be able to erect that enduring world order for which justice and equality are the only possible cornerstones. But if we let ourselves once more be duped and deluded by this insidious tickler of the national ego, we will but be repeating the old, old tragic story; will be letting the phantoms of false triumph cheat us of our victory, and so will make certain that our ordeal of tears and blood and terror will be repeated by our children.

Trees

WALLACE TIBBETTS

A blinding flash of lightning and crashing thunder stunned a beautiful, tall, majestic pine tree that stood among other white pines on the shore of Chocorua Lake. The bark was split from tip to butt, the heart of the tree was laid bare. A trailing crimson vine attached to the lower branches was not disturbed, it remained still clinging to the injured trunk; I wondered if it did not symbolize the life-blood of the giant pine, dripping from its shattered heart.

Underbrush with curling, flaming, yellow leaves at the base of the injured tree seemed to be fire burning on its pyre. I thought of sacrificial fires. Raindrops, gently falling from nearby pines, may have been their tears shed in distress or sympathy because of the passing of a friend. The soothing wind singing in the forest sounded an almost silent requiem.

I recall standing among the redwoods of California where the span of life of the redwood forests is more than five thousand years. I wondered why the white pine on the lake shore had its life ended, through Nature's call, in so brief a time—not more than a century.

There are other trees on the shores of the Pacific, standling leafless, stark, blanched white with arms extended as if in silent supplication. These colossal crosses are not unlike smaller replicated markings that guard the endless sleep of our gallant heroes.

Another tree now comes to mind. It has spread its protecting arms around our home. For more than a hundred years this sugar maple has stood in our dooryard, furnishing shade in the summer, maple sap every spring to more than six generations, and in the autumn brilliant, glowing colors. When mist rises in the evening from the river our old sugar maple seems to reach out its arms and pull the white sheet of meadow-mist over the intervale, tuck it under the homestead chin; peaceful sleep envelops the house and all of us therein. When moonlight spreads over the quiet meadow and filters silver through the mist there is nothing more beautiful; no wonder that contentment and tranquillity rest upon our home. After all the years of loving care that the old sugar maple has given us, we are thankful for its guardianship. While it has been standing guard, seeds of serenity have been planted in the soil—some of them watered with tears—and we have the full harvest now. How could one fail to have real affection for such a constant friend and source of some of the sweetness of life? Our old sugar maple is as much a part of our homestead as the roof over our heads.

We have other old friends among the trees on our lawn. There are balm of Gilead trees, many of them, all about us. How significant that my grandfather planted these particular trees when he returned from service in the Civil War. Then, as now, our nation needed healing balm for minds and bodies. Generous nature provides a panacea for many of our ills. Do you know the fragrance of balm of Gilead trees in the spring? Do you know of the old time medicinal remedies distilled from the buds? Could a farmer choose better trees than balm of Gilead for comforting cheeriness? The very name itself suggests moderation and remedy for a New Hampshire farmer's cares, toil, and pain. Rock-ribbed hills of New Hampshire mean rocks in farm land, too. Straight stonewalls we see now were not placed on boundary lines by Mother Nature. Each rock had to be pried from virgin soil, and early farmers needed balm for their spirits and hands.

On the lawn we had two great oaks. Phineas, my grandfather, planted one of them, the other one was planted by my grandmother, Margaret. Of course we always called them by these names. During the hurricane of September, 1938, the Margaret oak was blown down—the Phineas oak has never borne an acorn since that time. Before then, however, we had plowed a furrow from the lawn to the river and planted a bushel of acorns. We have a row of young oak trees about two hundred yards long. The sons and daughters of our Phineas and Margaret oaks will live and keep memory of them green and colorful.

When some of our white pine, spruce, fir, and hemlock trees were blown down by the hurricane, they were trimmed and hauled to a nearby sawmill. Boards were planed and edge-cut. Now I have a study with floors, ceiling, and sidewalls all finished with our own trees. The finish is rough and packed with knots but I would not have it otherwise; moreover, no paint, stain, or varnish shall ever mar the plain, natural beauty. I have grown up with these trees—now in my study—they are a part of my life, my trees!

The doors in our home are called "Christian doors" because the upper panel in each door is moulded to form a perfect cross. I cannot see anything else when I look at any one of our doors—the cross is always there. Visitors never see the crosses at first but when they discover our Christian doors they seem to be unable to take their eyes away from them. I like to think that our doors were once noble trees that now add to our gracious living by showing us a pattern for life. Trees have such an important influence on our lives, I like to write about them. Perhaps the rough hewn tree borne on the shoulders of Simon of Cyrene to Golgotha was similar to the stricken white pine on the lake shore, or a redwood, sugar maple, or oak. I like to imagine that the cross on Calvary was made from a balm of Gilead—surely no other tree carries a name more descriptive of its healing purpose. Our Christian doors mean more to me since I have been thinking of all of these trees.

The Abraham Lincoln Centre—Fortieth Anniversary*

I

Background and Early History of The Abraham Lincoln Centre

HELEN ROSENFELS

Within the sound of my voice, how many know that once upon a time there stood across the street a little church, called All Souls?

It was a peculiar looking building; strangers hearing it called a church invariably said that never had a church looked like it. Answering strangers, one might have said that it was a home as well as a church. The pastor's family lived there; it was a home for the many activities that developed through the years. It was a spiritual home for the group that worked there and for the many who were interested in the liberal religious thought of the day. The little old building with its three fireplaces and informal atmosphere held the spirit of all that Jenkin Lloyd Jones was working for, and each person felt that it belonged to him.

The pastor's family occupied the second floor, the activities of the church were carried on in the basement and on the first floor. It was as simple as that.

This little church began in 1882 in Vincennes Hall at Vincennes Avenue and 35th Street. Soon after, the project of building the church at Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue began, and there, as time went on, was established a seven-day church. The building was always open—heated and lighted, with activities going on. A great contrast to other churches of the day, which were open only on Sunday.

Long before the days of university extension or a university college downtown, Mr. Jones led at All Souls Church study groups of various kinds. Monday night throughout the fall and winter, there was the Novel Section. The great novelists of the nineteenth century—Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Kingsley, Eugene Sue, and others—were read and studied. A whole winter would be given to two or three novels of an author, the selection being made by the study group. The program was formulated in the spring or early summer, always published, and one's summer reading could be based on the fall and winter work. Each Monday night a wonderful paper was given by one of the group on a character or a problem in the book under discussion, and then the group continued with questions and expressions of opinion. At the end of the winter's work, a grand pageant was held, each member of the group depicting a character in the novel.

In later years, Monday night was devoted to Ruskin and for one other whole year study was devoted to the ideal republics of the world, beginning with Plato's *Republic,* going on to St. Augustine's *City of God,* Dante's *De Monarchia,* More's *Utopia,* Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* and ending with William Morris' *News from Nowhere.* That was a great winter; people came from miles around to attend these sessions, and Adler and Hutchins were antedated more than a generation.

There were poetry groups, a philosophy group, and Browning groups. Mr. Jones led, in Chicago, in the reading and interpretation of Browning. And there was a group of young people who concerned themselves with the American poets.

The greatest motivating force in the carrying on of the work of All Souls Church was the Sunday sermon of Mr. Jones, which attracted the liberal and intellectual people of the South Side and even of other parts of the city. There were no automobiles in those days—street cars, wheels, and horses and buggies were used to get to the church. The titles of the sermons were generally taken from a great poem, a new or an old book, frequently from Emerson, or from a political or economic situation of the day. Mr. Jones was a pacifist and many sermons were on the subject of peace and war—suggested by Tolstoy's *War and Peace,* Jean de Bloch's remarkable analysis of war, Charles Sumner on war, Romain Rolland's *Above the Battle.*

The right-hand aid to the Sunday morning sermon was the Tuesday Class in Religion, which mothered the Sunday School and was the normal school for the teachers in the Sunday School. Later, a Friday night class in religion was also started. No one could teach in the Sunday School who did not attend the Tuesday morning or the Friday night classes in religion. The subject of study for the seven years' course extended itself over the study of the growth of all religious thought in the world. The first year began with myth and legend, primitive man's science, and history. The second year, the religious classes and the Sunday School children became Buddhists, Mohammedans, Shintoists, Parsees, while the great literature of the ancient world was read—among which were the Bhagavad Gita, the Ramayana, and teachings of Confucius and Laotse. The third year, the Old Testament was the subject for the year. The Apocrypha followed. The New Testament made Christians of the students. The long development of early Christianity into the growth of the Catholic Church and the panorama of the Middle Ages lay before all. The religion of the Renaissance backed up by great art came next, and the last years began with the birth of Protestantism and followed into the development of modern churches of various sects. No one could ever have completed this course without having full tolerance for religious beliefs, races, and minority groups of all kinds.

The women in the Tuesday Class were a dynamic force. It was said that they were the most faithful, the hardest working group in Chicago. Whatever Mr. Jones wanted to put forth in the way of new spiritual or civic ventures, he always discussed first with the women of the Tuesday Class.

The seven-day activities of the church were going full swing—quarters were crowded, the church auditorium on Sundays had standing room only. Should not these activities be housed in a better way? And so, in the early '90s a great dream began to develop

*Papers read at the Fortieth Anniversary of The Abraham Lincoln Centre, February 12, 1945.

in Mr. Jones' mind. Freedom of religious thought was accepted, but liberalism generally was still looked at askance. Good race relations and recognition of minority groups were still to be attained. In All Souls Church, both Negroes and Jews had joined the movement, and had signed the Bond of Union:

> We join ourselves together in the interest of morality and religion as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens and to promote truth, love, and righteousness in the world.

Elsewhere, this liberality did not exist.

The neighborhood to the south was still a minor gold coast, to the north were the carbarns and the residence neighborhood of the workers on the streetcars. Thirty-ninth Street and Cottage Grove Avenue had saloons on two corners. Conditions were right to bring various groups together.

The boys of the neighborhood needed a gymnasium, the girls should have domestic science. The little library of All Souls Church ought to be expanded. A large room was a necessity, where groups of the neighborhood and the city could get together to eat and talk over problems confronting them. A larger auditorium for the Sunday morning service and for large meetings seemed wise. Twice, for several months, the congregation had moved out of the little church into larger quarters to obviate standing room. More social workers were needed; the inadequate staff was overworked. These workers ought to live where they worked. The pastor and his family could be housed in larger living quarters,—so the dream of a building began to take shape. A great ideal lay in back of the building. It would be a factory, a factory where men were made. An institution it would be where freedom of speech would always be allowed; an institution that would serve the neighborhood, whatever its component parts might be. No one would be barred on account of race or religion. The minority groups would become an integral part of the work. This dream for humanity, because in Mr. Jones' mind humanity was above all nations, was to be housed in an adequate building, and the building must be named. Various names were suggested and they were finally narrowed to those of Emerson and Lincoln. Mr. Jones had been in the Civil War, he had been close to the Emancipation Proclamation, he had seen Lincoln as the great commoner—so the name of Abraham Lincoln was given to the new venture.

It was to be a center motivated by the spiritual force of All Souls Church.

This great dream was put forth in the 1890s. It began to take hold and grow in the thoughts of men and women. Members were organized into a finance committee, a building committee of which Mr. Kent was chairman, and lesser committees. The first principle laid down was that no building would be started until all money for the building was in hand. A lot across the street had been given as a site. Architects, in the persons of Dwight Perkins and Frank Lloyd Wright, were employed. It was thought that $100,000 would be adequate to pay for the completed building. This appeared as a staggering sum at that time. But interest, great zeal, and devotion to a spiritual cause won the day and the money was raised. The money-raising went on over a period of several years.

The Tuesday Class in Religion was largely responsible for the interest in the venture and for a large part of the money raised.

When the money was in hand, there was the ceremony of the digging of the first spadeful of earth by Mr. Jones, the laying of the cornerstone, attended by the Sunday School and various friends and members. Abraham Lincoln Centre took a long time to build and before it was finished another $25,000 had been raised to pay the cost, so we entered the building debt free. Even before we entered, an endowment fund had been started because Mr. Jones said that a building is no good unless it is kept warm and clean. The income from the endowment was to keep up the physical side of the building.

No account of the conception of the idea of Lincoln Centre, its growth, or the building of the structure would be adequate without writing of the many devoted people who gave their time, their spiritual interest, and their money to this great undertaking. Among those who have passed on were Mrs. George Westney, Mrs. Ida Randall, Mr. Edward Morris, the Lamson brothers, Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Shears, Mrs. James L. Gardiner, and Mr. William Kent. There are the blessed names of Annie Laurie Kelly, Althea Ogden—the flower lady—who always supplied the pulpit with flowers year in and year out, Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, parish assistant, Edith Lackersteen Jones, always a great aid to Mr. Jones, and treasurer of the church.

There are those still living who rendered yeoman service and without whose aid Abraham Lincoln Centre might not have been. Dr. Mary Schroeder is in Chicago; Mrs. William Kent lives in California. A recent letter from her is full of memories of the life at All Souls, what the Church, the Tuesday Class, and the Sunday School meant to her, her children, and Mr. Kent. Mrs. Francis Neilson, a devoted and untiring worker in the Church and Sunday School, lives in Chicago. Our beloved Mrs. E. L. Lobdell, who has rarely missed an annual meeting, is in Chicago.

So in May, 1905, we moved into Abraham Lincoln Centre. After a week of dedication, the work was brought over from the little church across the way. New problems and new situations had to be met, and these were solved as time went on.

Mr. Jones was a great individualist and at All Souls Church he had no assistant as a minister to carry on. The Centre was considered a one-man institution. Mr. Jones was frequently asked what would happen when he could no longer function. He said he had no fear. He knew that a young man would come along who would understand Abraham Lincoln Centre and would carry the work to heights that he did not know.

I think that Mr. Jones was right. If I may be permitted a personal word, Abraham Lincoln Centre today carries out a sincere interpretation of its by-laws. It is doing work that puts humanity above all. It is a shining beacon in the field of race relations. It is a true working out of democracy. It is an oasis in Chicago. Mr. Jones was right—a young man did come, a young man who understood the underlying principles of Lincoln Centre and democracy. A young man and his wife came who had the good will and the ability to carry out these fundamental principles of Abraham Lincoln Centre.

May Abraham Lincoln Centre long be under the direction and beneficence of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Reese and the fine staff with which they have surrounded themselves.

II

Recent History of The Abraham Lincoln Centre and an Interpretation of Its Program

JULIA ABRAHAMSON

Mrs. Rosenfels' long and intimate friendship with Abraham Lincoln Centre puts me in the category of an acquaintance. I have known it for only fourteen years.

When I first visited the Centre, Mr. Reese had already been here for a number of years. After the death of Mr. Jones, the Board of Directors sought as his successor a very unusual kind of person. They wanted a man of

> broad sympathies and culture, a lover of mankind, a lover of justice. He must be a man of keen intellect, of vigorous mind to discern truth and falsehood. He must know the ethical and spiritual values and their potency in the affairs of the individual and of society; one who could analyse clearly, reconstruct bravely; one who could present new truths and new issues; one who could speak eloquently and fervently and take them above and beyond themselves. He must be a good organizer, be conservative and courageously radical and yet be able to keep out of jail. He must be a practical executive and a lovable, very human being.

It was a large order. Though I did not know Mr. Reese's immediate predecessors, I do know him, and I am very sure that the Board found exactly what they wanted in him. They were doubly fortunate because Mr. Reese, in his earlier years, had given evidence of his good judgment by marrying Mrs. Reese, who has done much more than keep him out of jail. I feel that the Centre today is what it is—a working experiment in cooperation and democracy—largely because the Reeses have brought warmth and understanding to their task by their own democratic way of life. And the able staff that they have gathered around them have wholeheartedly followed the same pattern.

The Centre is a very special place in many ways. But it seems to me that two of its most important characteristics are its democracy and its flexibility.

Early in the administration of Mr. Reese, the Centre reaffirmed its traditional interracial policy. Although it is located in a place where, because of population shifts, the tension between racial groups has been high, in the time I have known it there has never been a deviation from the chartered principle providing for service without regard to race or color. The interracial character of the work has been evident in enrollment, staff, and residents. And the Centre has proved by experience that racial tensions are reduced in an area where democracy is actually practiced.

For a time the Centre and the Camp carried on the experiment in democracy under conditions of control, keeping the over-all enrollment limited to equal participation by Negroes and whites. But when the population became predominantly Negro, the program followed the same trend.

The Centre has constantly shown its flexibility by changing or adapting its programs to meet the needs not only of a changing population but of the changing times. During the depression one of the first relief stations was housed here. While certain of the more secure neighbors objected because there were always crowds in the building, and even more because of the two riots and the numerous protest meetings, the Centre adhered to its belief that it existed to serve people in need. As methods of providing relief changed, it cooperated with the city, the Board of Education, and the Federal Government in various types of W.P.A. projects. Today, with relief no longer necessary, it meets the new needs by maintaining, in connection with public authorities, nursery and day care for the children of working mothers. It has also changed its programs to avoid duplication of effort. With Madden Park and the Ida B. Wells Housing Project equipped to render certain types of recreational service, the Centre has abandoned these services in its group work and is concentrating instead on cultural arts.

Nor has the administration been content merely to adapt the Centre to changed circumstances. It has acted as a spur to bring about needed changes. The first general meeting advocating the demolition of unsafe and unsanitary buildings to make way for a public housing program was held here. The Centre worked actively to promote the establishment of the Ida B. Wells Housing Project. It has made vigorous protest to the school authorities about the double-shift system and has taken a stand against restrictive covenants and for an adequate housing program. The need for housing was brought more forcibly than ever to the Board's attention when a recent fire destroyed a neighboring building. Fifty homeless families came to the Centre where, with the cooperation of the staff, the Red Cross set up emergency feeding and housing quarters.

I wish I could tell you all that the Centre has done and is doing not only in the community but for individuals from all parts of the city. Budding artists have given their first public performances here. It was here, for example, that I first saw Katherine Dunham and her troupe. Groups of all shades of political, economic, and educational opinion find here a platform and a meeting place.

I should like to tell you all about the work of the Social Service Department directed by Mrs. Edna Hansen, the Cultural Arts Department under the supervision of Mr. John Greene, and the wide variety of services and persons in all aspects of the work. Since a catalogue of all that is done here would take too much time, I think I shall give you instead a bird's-eye view of the Centre in action by letting you see how it can and does touch the lives of the people in the area. Perhaps I can do it best by telling you about one family. I shall call them Smith, and the Smiths have five children.

Mrs. Smith had not been very well since the baby came. Because she felt that she should not have any more children, since it was all she could do to care for those she had, she went to the Centre's Planned Parenthood Clinic for advice and help. This clinic, sponsored by the Illinois League for Planned Parenthood, has, during the past seven years, helped 2,873 women, not only like Mrs. Smith but others who wanted more children but preferred to be able to plan for them.

Part of Mrs. Smith's illness was caused by worry over little John's behavior. Since the new baby had come, John had changed from a gay, friendly little boy to a sullen, unmanageable youngster. So Mrs. Smith

went to the Centre's Child Guidance Clinic for enlightenment. After talking with her and the child, it was a simple matter for Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs to point out that the boy felt insecure because of all the attention being lavished on the new baby. Following his advice helped Mrs. Smith bring John back to a healthy adjustment to the family group. Since then she has attended the clinic fairly regularly, getting advice about the problems of Mary and Jane. Some 115 families have been helped through this clinic, usually through the initial watchfulness of the staff who, as they detect problems among the children who use the Centre, bring them to the attention of the family and the clinic.

Quite naturally Mrs. Smith wanted her children to have all the opportunities she could give them. Therefore, the three oldest take full advantage of the Centre's cultural arts program. Because Jane seems to have a special affinity for the piano, she is taking private lessons from Mrs. Meda Z. Steele. Maybe one day she will get to be as good as Emmanuel Caldwell, who is now playing under New York management; or Eileen Jackson, who became an accomplished pianist under Mrs. Steele's direction, and is now teaching music at Southern University in Louisiana. The possibilities are tremendous—and the private lessons are only fifty cents. The other work the children take is done in groups, and there is no charge. So Jane is also studying art with Mr. Morris Topchevsky, Mary is devoting herself to both dramatics and dancing, and Frank is studying violin and voice. He hopes some day to take private lessons from Mr. Greene. The Smith children are only three of the 715 who participate in the cultural arts program.

In the summer the three older children go to the Centre Camp where they get two weeks of country life, experience in adjusting to group living, appreciation for children of other races and religions, and an understanding of the arts. All that—and fun too.

Fortunately for Mrs. Smith, the children like to read and are constant visitors at the Oakland Branch of the Public Library, which is housed at the Centre. And on Saturday mornings they attend the story hour.

The Centre supplies the social and cultural needs of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, too. They both use the library, attend "Toppy's" art classes for adults, and never miss the five concerts sponsored each year by the Cultural Arts Committee. The quality of the entertainment is high, and they can easily afford this because season tickets are only $1.20. Mrs. Smith also attends the Friday Forum, where she hears interesting and authoritative talks on a wide variety of subjects, and, whenever possible, she goes to the meetings of the Parents Club. The Smiths have to pass up the other classes and meetings at the Centre because people can do only so much.

Especially lately they have had to pass up even the things they usually do. About a year ago Mr. Smith had a severe illness and his wife had to look for work. There was no problem about finding it, but what to do about the children? Naturally, she went to the Centre. There she found help because of the schools organized under the Lanham Act. The two youngest were put in the wartime nursery school. Mrs. Smith could take them to the Centre at 7:30 A. M. before leaving for her work and, as soon as they had had their daily health examinations, she could go on with a perfectly easy mind, knowing that they would get breakfast, lunch, and a bite in the afternoon, and a nap, and that she need not pick them up until six in the evening. She learned that some seventy children between two and five years old are cared for in this way.

The older children were another problem. Because of the double-shift system in the local schools, two of the children had only morning classes and one attended school in the afternoon. They were too young to be left to shift for themselves until she came home at night. As you may have guessed, the Centre solved this problem, too, for the children were put in the Out-of-School-Care Unit which also operates all day. The staff in charge see that the children get to school on time, spend their free hours in the building, and are given lunch and supervised play.

Never think that Mrs. Smith does not appreciate the Centre. She came in one day to ask how she could help in its work. She did not have any money to spare, but her personal services were available wherever they could be used. She was delighted to learn that one way she could help was by tagging for the Centre on the first Monday in October—which she did, with great success. I know that others of you—in and out of the community—have helped in this way. Mrs. Smith and I want to say that the same privilege awaits any of you who have not yet had the opportunity to serve.

Of course, as I am sure you have realized, the Smiths are not at all typical—they spend much more time at the Centre than most families do. As a matter of fact, the Smiths do not even exist, for I made them up. They are a mixture of Negro and white, of Catholic, Protestant, and Jew—a composite of all the families who do come here.

In future years the present problems and needs of the Smiths and their neighbors may be solved, but there will always be new problems to take the place of the old. I have no doubt that Lincoln Centre will meet the challenge of the future with the courage and resourcefulness that have distinguished its services over the past forty years. Those it has touched may forget some of the things they learned here. They will not forget the example that was set here, the experience of working and playing and living with peoples of different races and creeds in harmony and appreciation, the kind of lesson that equips people for real citizenship in a democracy. It is a lesson that other agencies and individuals in Chicago and all of America could well learn, an example they will have to follow if America is ever to realize its promise and become in fact the democracy it was meant to be.

Prayer in Wartime

For each bitter thrust of the sword
Through flesh of friend or foe,
For each blooddrop wantonly spilled
On earth or telltale snow,
For those needlessly slain on the field
Or sunk in smoke-stenched sea,
Who fearlessly chose the night
That earth-sons might be free,
For each sinful thrust by Man
In the quivering, wounded side
Of the Christ who perished to save
And who rose at Eastertide,
Make us ever aware
In deed and in prayer.

IRENE KIRBY SURENSON.

The Study Table

Land of Many Cultures

FOREIGN INFLUENCES IN AMERICAN LIFE. *Edited by David F. Bowers. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 254 pp. $3.00.*

Too many old stock Americans forget that their ancestors were immigrants. America is a melting pot; but it is also a land of many cultures. There is not yet an American culture.

After analyzing the phenomenon of social and cultural impact, this book goes on to consider the specific social and historical role of the immigrant, and to examine crucial instances of his influence in the evolution of our economic, political, artistic, literary, and philosophic life.

We have not only been influenced by "the alien in our midst," but also by the native who has gone abroad for business or study or travel.

This book shows clearly that natives have had great influence on the immigrant and that he in turn has had a striking effect on American customs. As Professor James G. Leyburn says, in his chapter, "The Problem of Ethnic and National Impact from a Sociological Point of View," "the impact of millions of people upon other millions during the past century and a half in America interests the sociologist both in its effect upon the culture of the immigrants and upon the culture of the Americans."

How often we think that cultural traits are human traits. Not so. "Culture is not human nature, but second nature." For example, says Leyburn, "when we speak of such traits as French excitability, the Latin temperament, Dutch phlegm, English restraint, we tend to think that these are inherent in the people. They are not. They are culturally approved attitudes which are impressed upon a child almost at his mother's breast. To use our former illustration, an infant of typical Dutch parents growing up in Italy under normal circumstances, and with Italian foster parents, would have a Latin temperament."

There are valuable chapters by such eminent scholars as President Frank D. Graham, Stow Persons, and Oscar Handlin.

If you are interested in why Americans are as they are, this will repay your study. JAMES M. YARD.

Sermons on Personal Religion

TOWARD LARGER LIVING. *By Dana McLean Greeley. Boston: Beacon Press. 103 pp. $1.25.*

The most attractive thing about these twelve sermons by the minister of the famous Arlington Street Church, is their unpretentiousness. Mr. Greeley attempts no colossal discourses to challenge comparison with his great predecessor, Dr. Channing. In a very simple and sincere way, he brings us examples of the brief homilies which grace his pulpit from Sunday to Sunday, and shows us how convincing and helpful such preaching may be. Mr. Greeley has developed and mastered an excellent technique. He has good ideas, and states them clearly. His sermons move, and are moving. Deeply spiritual in his understanding of life, trustful of human nature and its infinite possibilities, untainted by the pervasive and corrupting neo-orthodoxy of these times, this preacher is concerned always with the soul's ideals and their practice. This book may be described as an answer to the question of how to live consistently with our own best thoughts and desires.

If you would see how much can be done with an utterly simple method, read the sermon on "The First Person Plural." Were I a teacher, I would use this in my homiletics class! One or two of these sermons are theological. Most of them are ethical and personal. They maintain a quite exceptional uniformity of excellence, whatever the subject. Which means that Mr. Greeley, still in his charming and eager youth, has found himself! His church and all Boston are to be congratulated.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

Meeting the Hitler Menace

To UNITY:

The Latin teacher in our school (in Germany) used to write several sentences on the blackboard in German. We had to translate and enter them in our copy books. Every sentence translated wrong we had to write correctly one hundred times after school. As I grew older (I am now seventy-six), I realized that this particular teacher was not only a linguist, he was a real educator, for unlike the Ohlendorf method then in vogue —which gave us in French, for instance, such inane sentences as *"l' officier a un épée et le marchand vends des citrons,"*—the Latin teacher gave us sentences with a meaning. Naturally, after writing some of them down a hundred times, and I am ready to confess it happened quite frequently in my case, these sentences were never forgotten. One in particular sticks in my mind: *"Vituperare facile, mendare dificille est."*

For the past few issues, Dr. Holmes has been ranting against the war. Will he kindly explain how he would meet the Hitler menace?

LEO KAUL.

Chicago, Illinois.

I think Mr. Kaul is mistaken. In the last few issues of UNITY I have not been "ranting against the war," but protesting against the political and diplomatic conduct of the war. I fear that, as things are going in Poland, Belgium, Greece, Italy, etc., we are losing the peace while winning the war, and that I count a tragedy calculated to break the heart of every loyal American.

As regards the question, "How would I meet the Hitler menace?" may I say, with the Gandhian method of non-violent resistance! May I commend Krishnalal Shridharani's book, *War Without Violence.*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

UNITY Policy

To UNITY:

From a recent publication I see that UNITY was first published in 1880, sixty-four or five years ago. I entered into the life of All Souls Church about 1912 and shortly afterwards began to take a deep interest in UNITY and in the plans for Abraham Lincoln Centre. I recall with what joy this work was carried on and what loving care was lavished upon UNITY. Then came World War I, and UNITY and its editor-in-chief pursued their usual way. But did the former admirers and subscribers follow the old way? Not they! "There is a war on—." "My sons are fighting for their country, I must support them—." Not support their country, mind you, but their sons who, if old enough to fight, were old enough to support themselves. "Well, times are changed. You can't do the same in wartimes as in peacetimes—, etc." Perhaps one cannot do the same things but they can try to do them and, certainly, they can think the same thoughts.

The Government finally forbade UNITY the privilege (or should I say right?) of the mail. I wonder how many can, or wish to, remember the reason. UNITY dared to publish the Beatitudes and the verse from Isaiah: "They shall beat their

swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And there was a war on! Then the motto of UNITY was Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. I can well remember when UNITY and All Souls Church withdrew their allegiance from Unitarianism, although they were always sympathetic and, to the best of my remembrance, during all my active years, contributed toward the Unitarian Association.

This lengthy preamble is to show that I have followed the course of UNITY for many years. It was a non-sectarian, but deeply religious paper. A few years ago it bore every stamp of being a Humanist paper. Now I find it strictly Unitarian in its make-up. I wonder why—whether it is the avowed policy of the Board, or if UNITY has simply drifted into these changes? It would, I think, interest UNITY's subscribers if a clear statement of UNITY's principles and aims could be published.

Chicago, Illinois. HELEN SWIFT NEILSON.

Following a meeting of the Board of Directors of Abraham Lincoln Centre, at which a group subscription arrangement was made with the Western Unitarian Conference, I wrote the following explanatory editorial which was published in UNITY, January, 1942:

With this issue, UNITY adds a group of new subscriptions from the Western Unitarian Conference. A copy goes to each minister and to each of two key persons in every church in the Conference. This issue carries, as will subsequent issues, brief news items of general interest to religious liberals and a number of articles by Unitarian ministers. In a way this is the resumption of a service for which UNITY was originally founded. There was not in the beginning, and there is not now, any organic relationship between the Conference and UNITY. But now, as then, their purposes are alike, and their destinies are intertwined. The motto carried by UNITY since its founding as the *Pamphlet Mission* in 1878—Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion—is the official motto of the Western Unitarian Conference and has been carried on its seal since its incorporation in 1882. The men who founded UNITY as the unofficial organ of western Unitarianism—Robert Collyer, William C. Gannett, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, C. W. Wendte, and J. C. Learned—were ministers of the Conference, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones was Secretary. For many years UNITY's chief source of subscriptions was the area of the Western Unitarian Conference; and the proceedings of the Conference and its auxiliary organizations were published in the columns of UNITY, as were many of the great Unitarian sermons of those days. Since then the scope of UNITY has broadened, as has also that of the churches it was founded to serve. New issues have arisen and new battle lines have been formed, but the essentials to which both are committed remain as they were—Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

CURTIS W. REESE.

Dumbarton Oaks

TO UNITY:

May I add my humble word of appreciation for the magnificent editorial by Curtis W. Reese on Dumbarton Oaks in the January copy of UNITY. It is a perfectly swell statement, and I am reprinting it in *The Christian Register* for February, because it is so well done and so important.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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TO UNITY:

In view of the first page of the January issue of UNITY, the citation from Voltaire on page 167 that "opinion has caused 'more trouble than earthquakes or plagues'" is priceless, for it points directly to what is the matter with our so-called democracy. The February *Reader's Digest* leads off with Stettinius' opinions which, like those on UNITY's first page, can be said to be in the interests of *trouble*. Any writer who brings about in the minds of readers, confusion rather than clarity—and especially in critical times like these—is treading on pretty dangerous ground. One may well ask Dr. Reese: Where do you get your opinions?

As far as I have been able to discover from rather wide reading, the seventeen lines in which Dr. Holmes sums up the Dumbarton Hoax put him with writers of the type of historian Barnes, economist Nearing, and Socialist Thomas. So, too, write Stuart Chase, Professor Felix Morley, John Flynn, and Upton Close. And they all have both the intention and the ability to express the facts, as did Jeannette Rankin in her farewell speech when she left Congress—a speech from which could be derived opinion well worth repeating today.

I find it hard to believe that Dr. Reese has missed the statement that Louis Fischer gave out weeks ago that the Dumbarton Oaks Conference was "merely sand thrown in the eyes of the common man." Indeed, Fischer and everyone I have mentioned above have either said outright or inferred strongly that IF the plans of the mis-representatives who met last October should be carried out, World War III would be the logical result. Norman Thomas has said that the Dumbarton Oaks proposals —by intrigue—have been made an *empty thing* "before they were even completed," and that means "vitiated from the start"—as Dr. Holmes so well put it. To sum up, when Dr. Reese presents an opinion that flies in the face of his colleague's opinions, he is as a matter of fact flying in the face of what, at any other time than in a war period, would be conceded to be truth. War, as we all know, demands the suppression of truth, as Tolstoy pointed out years ago. Today, it has to have falsities, half-truths, sophistry—and worse! War is disorganizing—a fact well illustrated by the right-about-face that has taken place in Dr. Jones' always intelligently edited paper, reliable (as it would naturally be, inspired by the idealism of a true Christian) until a "good man" took over and by using "bad men's arguments" in less than a year destroyed a reputation built up and courageously maintained for many years, always in the interests of Freedom, Fellowship and Character. In this metamorphosis we have a perfect illustration of the spiritual havoc that war engenders. There have been countless "good men" who have in the same way fallen victims to conscienceless, high-pressure propaganda and to the vitiating influence of equally conscienceless politicians —too many of them ignorant, all of them self-interested, all of them influenced by a nation-wide prostitute press; not to speak of the influence of a president who has abjectly failed to concern himself with the interests and particularly the future of his countrymen; spending himself and his country's resources —material and otherwise—in the interests of saving white imperialism (and particularly British imperialism) for a few years longer. This, I should add, being in the "interests of trouble,"— and of a third and more terrible World War to come. In other words, Dr. Reese has by far the greater company with him, in the stand he saw fit to take at one of the most critical periods in our history, when we were facing a choice of whether or not again to go to the assistance of the British Tories and again to save their empire—one surely due to go (along with the last remaining great imperialist structure, France)—before many years would elapse.

Today we are face to face with the probability that, with the lives and fortunes of hundreds of thousands of the best of our men, and the near-ruination of our "standard of living," we have put off the day when the last empire must come to its finish; and right around the corner is the fact that these same British Tories have already turned sour as they did in World War I. Dr. Reese may have forgotten Churchill's statement to a New York editor when he was in New York around 1936, to the effect that if the United States "had not meddled in 1917" England would not be in the trouble that was even then shaping up!! "Good men," alas, too often have poor memories, quite as they lack discrimination to choose for their authorities the best minds available, and to select from the welter of misinformation and say-so of so-called experts that which *could* inform them honestly and instruct them ably—that they in turn might be able thus to instruct and lead others. This, in fact, as I see it, is one of the many tragedies of the crime of all crimes—war. That UNITY has been an active supporter of this crime is something that not a few of its readers can ever get over.

One has no call to interfere if and when an individual takes the downward, or the devious, path; but when he takes with him an institution or a group of his fellowmen, or both, then I maintain he has laid himself wide open to both protest and criticism by those who rightly have their opinions—opinions and beliefs which they consider have been flouted and overruled, or at least arrogantly overlooked, belittled, or set aside. I doubt not that, as far as their thought on this matter is concerned, there have been many like myself (some indeed who have read UNITY for more than the twenty years when, in one way or another, it came under my eyes) who stand with me and who would, if it were possible, be glad to sign this *protest* along with me; and perhaps also the criticism, which it would seem the Managing Editor has attracted.

Had not UNITY been a pacifist publication for two decades under John Haynes Holmes—and for many more, under the founder himself, pacifist in essence if not in name—its departure from the fine standards of all these years would have been a different thing altogether, and this letter would not have been written. The Managing Editor may question the quality of my criticism, but he cannot deny my premise; and I hardly think he will deny that I am within my rights in making that criticism.

BLANCHE WATSON.

St. Petersburg, Florida.

UNITY has been, now is, and will undoubtedly continue to be a journal dealing with all sorts of controversial issues within the framework of liberal principles. UNITY has never been a "pacifist publication," although it has always attempted to promote international peace. It was never the policy of Dr. Jones, nor has it been of Dr. Holmes, to eliminate from the columns of UNITY non-pacifist opinion, and it is not the policy of the present Managing Editor to eliminate pacifist opinion. Jenkin Lloyd Jones—an advocate and lover of peace—featured on the cover page of UNITY, January 21, 1915, the Platform of the Woman's Peace Party, one plank of which called for "the substitution of an international police for rival armies and navies." In an editorial in the same issue, Dr. Jones said: "Every plank in this platform is vital, throbbing with prophetic power which UNITY most cordially endorses." This was not the position of a non-resistant pacifist. It was the position of one who wanted to organize the world for peace and who was willing to use such international force as might be necessary to maintain it. This position the Managing Editor maintains today.

CURTIS W. REESE.

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To UNITY:

The moving, eloquent, and powerful editorial by Dr. Curtis W. Reese in the January UNITY must be painful to many "good men," who, in the opinion of Dr. Reese, are using "bad arguments." A fundamental thought which must strike many readers of whatever frame of mind is how liberals, even those who take the empirical approach to all problems, are divided on this issue! And while they are divided, bad men profit.

Dr. Reese must be met, in this matter, on his own ground: the empirical approach. And this approach must surely call, first of all, for a definition of the "realistic possible." Other definitions seem called for. But they may not be given empirically. In the expression "good realist," Dr. Reese begs the question; "good" certainly has moral connotations and involves value judgments. And "uncompromising idealist" might be methodologically defined, short of a value judgment. But the two words smack of *argumentum ad hominem,* to use the term of formal logic, or of unsemantic name-calling.

What, then, is the "realistic possible" in the particular frame of reference in question? What *degree* of possible good are we world citizens to achieve by lending to Dumbarton Oaks the apparently unconditional support Dr. Reese accords it?

Let us note an attitude of many others who think with the empirical approach. Ever since the Atlantic Charter was published, they have felt that the future of mankind was being compromised because just the quality of support Dr. Reese gives Dumbarton Oaks was all too common. They have felt that this support, often manifested by the *Chicago Sun, PM,* the *New Leader,* the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* the *Daily Worker,* and the *New Masses,* approximated the nature of a faith-attitude, which is definitely not empirical. There is the alternative possibility—that these publications and those individuals who stood with them had "inside information" which other less fortunate citizens did not have. They have felt, these empiricists, that the "realistic possible" was gradually and perhaps deliberately being whittled down to idealistic zero.

What is the "realistic possible" to proceed from Dumbarton Oaks? A little analysis shows, after all, that it cannot be defined empirically. It rests in space time. It rests in the unsearched hearts of statesmen. It lies in the unsearchable minds and motives of leaders. And it is and will be conditioned further each hour by the just and unjust opinions of hundreds of millions of both free and subject people exerting pressure on their governments.

Opinion enters. Dumbarton Oaks, Dr. Reese finds, is "within the realm of the possible." So is World War III, or a vicious succession of civil wars, the first of which we indubitably have had in Greece. One seems on tap in Italy. Not to mention India. And if the "realm of the possible" embraces World War III or a sequence of civil wars, some of us of the empirical approach (and others who are "uncompromising idealists") do not like that "possible" or propose to let it blacken history unchallenged. Even after it is realized, we shall fight against it. This we consider our pledge to humanity.

On August 30, 1944, Wendell Willkie agreed that "the war is about seven-tenths won and the peace is about nine-tenths lost." Willkie felt that we started losing the peace in the Spring of 1943. The reason was that Mr. Roosevelt conceived the province of the "realistic possible" to be more narrow than Mr. Willkie's estimation found it to be. We ought to battle, Willkie insisted, to enlarge that province. Many of us empiricists labor against time to that end. To do so we might have to oppose *all* that Dumbarton Oaks stands for—or we shall, we fear, get nothing but World War III or civil war.

Opinion! Dr. Reese thinks Dumbarton Oaks is acceptable because it is "within the realm of the possible." Others, such as Louis Fischer, label it a "disaster." Reinhold Niebuhr, to many of us a "child of the dark," agrees with Dr. Reese: "We can only hope for an approximation of the needed solution."

But that approximation, apparently increasingly weak after each meeting of our leaders, many of us, for purposes of judgment, are going to set up over against that Charter accorded allegiance by twenty-six nations January 1, 1942—a statement specifically named in the preamble of the United Nations' Declaration, the Atlantic Charter. Why shall we do this?

Of the current international scene, an empiricist and a devoted friend of Dr. Reese writes me: "My head is in a whirl at the political situation. Those who talk appear not to know; those who know are silent or hiding behind a screen of verbiage." We do not *know* what the realistic possible is; and we must press, and press tirelessly, to make it as generous as possible. It was John Dewey who taught that the end secured is defined in and by the means used. We shall use every honorable means to define a good end—a really democratic "realistic possible."

But we skeptical empiricists fear that the eventual possible will not be very generous, just because it will not be "near enough to the possible," the potential possible, as of January 1945. Why? Because too many feel as Dr. Reese does. They choose what seems to other realists to be destruction. Dumbarton Oaks definitely rests on the assumption that the pre-war order of nationalism was "good" and should be given an extension in life, by force if necessary. This is the considered opinion against Dumbarton Oaks set down by the experienced brother of our ambassador to England. He adds: ".... the American people will .... realize that the peoples of the world no longer regard pre-war nationalism as a datum point for a just world order." If the "realistic possible" is that pre-war nationalism, the resulting cynicism, many of us feel, will be more anarchistic than the present "beginning of hostile opinion similar to that which defeated the League of Nations."

What I am trying to say, in respectful reply to Managing Editor Reese, is nearly expressed in *Germany: A Short History,* by Dr. George N. Shuster and Professor Arnold Bergstraesser:

> The war of 1914 bred great, tragic hopes of a future consonant with the estimate placed upon human values by the Christian faith. That the predatory individual could be curbed by a strong commitment of his fellows to the brotherhood of man; that the nations could establish a community of service; that law enshrining principles of justice could supplant recourse to war—these were some of the lofty aims enkindled in the hearts of veterans of all the armies that struggled, at such heroic cost, for victory on the Marne, the Aisne, and the Somme. Perhaps those ideals had been conceived of in too headstrong a mood. Possibly men were too weary to live out their dreams. At any rate, failure to realize those dreams *even in part* bred the cynicism and the total disregard for human dignity that now seem to the horrified observer to have become characteristics of human life.

We idealistic realists define "the real issue" otherwise than does Dr. Reese. We see it as: Will the "realistic possible" be enough *this* time?

Fort Wayne, Indiana ROBERT S. HOAGLAND.

Jotting

To UNITY:

I suggest the following from the *New Yorker* for the Jottings: "Peace is not something to be kept like a pet monkey, but is the by-product of responsible government."

Madison, Wisconsin. GLENN P. TURNER.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago 15, Illinois

UNITARIAN ADVANCE

The Unitarian churches are founded upon

Individual freedom of belief
Discipleship to advancing truth
The democratic process in human relations
Universal brotherhood, undivided by nation, race, or creed, and
Allegiance to the cause of a united world community.

This is the introductory paragraph to the "Provisional Statement of Uniting Elements of Unitarian Belief." The whole Statement with material explaining the what, why, where, and when of Unitarian Advance is now ready for distribution. Copies have been sent to the ministers, with order blanks, so that it can be widely distributed in our churches.

The Statement is intended as a guide for the newly created Division of Public Relations. It is a statement of operating principles which provide a basis for cooperative effort in our local and national organizations for the purpose of advancing our common cause.

It is hoped that our churches will study this program for Advance carefully and prepare themselves to take advantage of the opportunities it offers.

CONTEST FOR YOUTH GROUPS

The General Alliance is sponsoring a contest which is open to the young people's groups of our churches. Prizes are being offered for the three most inspiring services of worship for young people's meetings. The contest opened on March 1, 1945, and closes on May 6, 1945. All entries must be in the name of a youth group, and sent to the General Alliance, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Massachusetts. Copies of the rules can be obtained from the minister, the chairman of the Alliance Youth Committee, or directly from the General Alliance in Boston. First Prize is a $50 War Bond. A $25 War Bond will be given to the two next best entries.

WORK CAMPS

Two Work Camps for young people are being sponsored for this coming summer in the Western Unitarian Conference by the A.U.Y. and the Home Service Committee. The Agricultural Work Camp at Kent City, Michigan, will be operated again this year. A new Industrial Work Camp will be established at Dayton, Ohio. Many of our young people should be interested in the educational and recreational programs provided by these camps while having at the same time an opportunity to make a direct contribution to the war effort. Information concerning these camps can be obtained from Rev. Edward Cahill, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

LAURANCE PLANK

Rev. Laurance R. Plank, for over eight years minister of our church in St. Louis, has resigned. Mr. Plank became minister of the church at the time of the merger of the Church of the Unity and the Church of the Messiah. He has done an excellent piece of work in welding these two groups into a vital and vigorous organization. Mr. Plank has been one of our most popular speakers at summer conferences. He plans to take a year off from parish duties for the purpose of writing. Mrs. Plank, who is well known in religious education circles, is just completing a four-year term as a member of the Board of the Western Unitarian Conference. We look forward to the time when Mr. Plank will return to the active ministry and carry on the work as he has in the past in four of our Western Conference churches: Duluth, Dayton, Omaha, and St. Louis.

IOWA MINISTERS

The ministers of the Iowa Unitarian Association met in Iowa City on February 26 and 27. Those present were Charles Synder, Davenport; Waldemar Argow, Cedar Rapids; Evans Worthley, Iowa City; Grant Butler, Des Moines; Francis Ruland, Sioux City; John Cyrus, Omaha; and Randall Hilton, Secretary of the Western Conference. Discussions were led by Grant Butler on Unitarian uniqueness—its philosophy of man; Waldemar Argow on the psychological-emotional approach to preaching; Randall Hilton on Unitarian Advance; and Charles Snyder on churchmanship training in our theological schools.

CONFERENCE AT HINSDALE

The Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, at its meeting February 5, accepted the invitation of the Hinsdale Unitarian Church to hold the annual meeting of the Conference there. Hinsdale, a suburb of Chicago, is served by the suburban trains of the Burlington Railroad.

Appointed to the Program Committee for the Conference were Robert S. Turner, minister at Hinsdale, chairman; Arthur E. Hewson, acting president of the Chicago Unitarian Council; and Randall S. Hilton.

Elected to the Nominating Committee were Rev. Tracy Pullman of Detroit, chairman; Mrs. Virginia Plank of St. Louis; and Rev. R. Lester Mondale of Kansas City.

GENEVA AND THE O.D.T.

The Office of Defense Transportation has not yet ruled on the question as to whether religious training institutes may be held. They have permitted Work Camps. As soon as we know definitely whether our Geneva Institute can be held notices will be sent out to all our churches.

ON OUR WAY

The United Appeal film "On Our Way" has been used by several churches in the Conference. It may be available again during April. If your church is interested in having it, please notify the Western Conference office.

HELLO, MAN

Kenneth Patton's book of poems—*Hello, Man*—is now off the press. Copies are available through the Western Conference office. Price $1.00.

The volume includes the poems used for the Firelight Services at Geneva last summer.

HAS YOUR CHURCH GONE OVER THE TOP ON THE UNITED UNITARIAN APPEAL?